

little leaven leavens the whole lump."

That is the truth all bakers understand. You see, every single baker in history has departed from the pattern (the recipe) and lived to suffer the consequences of that disastrous choice.

The scriptures teach us this principle of divine authority (1 Corinthians 5:6; Galatians 5:9). Paul told the Corinthians that they must not tolerate sin in their ranks or it would grow exponentially worse - *like yeast in dough*. He taught the Galatians that their temptation to serve the Law rather than submit to the gospel of Christ was like the fiercest of leaven. It would grow like cancer until it consumed them.

Brethren, God has given us instructions for a reason. He expects us to follow them to the letter. No recipe in a bakery is a mere suggestion. Each one of them is a carefully designed chemistry experiment. Just changing one element, even a little bit, changes the whole outcome of the recipe.

The scriptures teach us to respect the authority of Jesus Christ (Matthew 28:18). They teach us to make all things according to the pattern (Hebrews 8:5). We are forbidden to add to or take away from the word of God (Revelation 22:18-19). We are taught that should we preach any other gospel than the one that came through the inspired teaching of the apostles, we are anathema (Galatians 1:6-9). In fact, Paul told the Galatians that such a gospel would be a "different" (Gr: *heteros*) gospel. By changing any element of it, it would no longer be the unadulterated gospel of Christ. It would be something new and dangerous.

Folks, I learned my lesson well. What I made in the bakery on that fateful day long ago was something other than the pattern called for. I should have respected its authority.

Church of Christ

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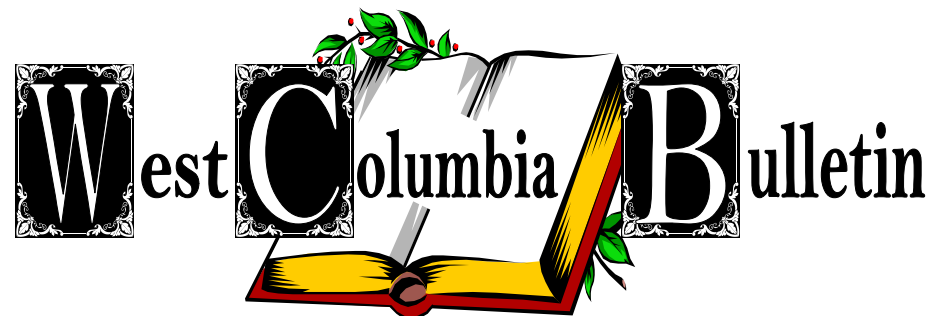
Schedule Of Services...

Sunday:

Bible Classes	9:00 a.m.
Worship	9:50 a.m.
Worship	6:00 p.m.

Wednesday:

Bible Classes	7:00 p.m.
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October 11, 2020

TIME TO MAKE THE DONUTS

David Weaks

I am swiping the idea for this article from my friend, Philip Strong, who preaches in Indianapolis. He recently wrote an excellent article with the above title. He reminded his readers of the old commercial from the 1980's or 90's for a prominent donut chain. The commercials involved an old baker who woke up every day at the unholy hour bakers must, and all he could say was: "It's time to make the donuts." Throughout the day, he would intone the same words, because, as the chain was trying to convey in their advertisements, it was always time to make the donuts so they would be hot and fresh throughout the day.

What my friend wrote was outstanding. He compared the baker to a Christian, and showed that the baker was a man, who by virtue of his job, understood certain Bible traits. Having been a baker, I identify with each point and can confirm that Philip was right on target.

However, I want to throw in my paltry additional example of how the donut man is like a Christian. The donut man is a man who understands authority. Let me explain.

My very first day working on my own at the bakery, after a training period, involved mixing, cutting, and frying the donuts. On this day I learned a lesson on authority

that I won't ever forget.

You see, we made seventy-five pounds of donut dough at a time. Each batch required twelve ounces of yeast. It really was a simple recipe: flour, ice water (because sweet dough gets warm when it mixes), shortening, sugar, salt, and yeast. Nothing to it, right? Well, the first time I was in charge of the recipe, and being the smart guy I assumed I was back then, I decided that twelve ounces of yeast could not possibly be enough for that much dough. So, I threw the whole sack of yeast (16 oz) into the mixing bowl with all of the other ingredients.

It typically took about 7-10 minutes for the dough to properly mix and kneed in the big stand mixer we used. During this time we bakers would take our coffee breaks. When I returned from break I heard the mixer making an unusual sound before I saw the mixer. When I actually saw what was going on, my lesson in "authority" began in earnest.

Upon reaching the mixer, I saw that it was actively giving birth to a giant, boneless elephant. Dough was

whipping around the mixer bowl, some of it had flopped out on the floor, and the rest of it was in the process of climbing out of the bowl, clearly intent on rampaging around the bakery.

I dove for the mixer and shut it off, and then set to work trying to salvage some of the dough. What was on the floor was a loss (you will be glad to hear), but what was still in the bowl might be useable. So I grabbed the bench knife and began cutting dough and throwing it up on the baker's bench. Unfortunately, it was continuing to grow.

Remember when I said that we used ice water? That was because yeast eats sugar and belches out CO₂, which makes the dough rise. The more sugar the dough has, the more food the yeast has to eat, and the whole process heats up the dough. Combine that with the friction of the mixing process, and dough goes from powder to donuts pretty fast. Especi-ally, when a numbskull baker adds four more ounces of yeast than the recipe requires.

A little aside here. You may be thinking: "How could a mere four ounces of extra

yeast cause this catastrophe?" Well, I thought the same thing until I actually experienced the fury of yeasty microbes.

Visualize an ounce of tiny granules (which is how yeast is typically sold) It's a lot, right? Well, now visualize 16 ounces of it and you start to get an idea of the problem. When I added the extra yeast to the mix, I unwittingly unleashed millions more hungry, and ready to belch, monsters to the party. Combine the already warming dough, with the friction, and the sugar, and the extra yeast cells decided to lead their gas making brethren into war...against me.

Back to the story. I quickly realized that in the hot bakery the dough was just going to continue rising out of control. There was no stopping it. So, I put as much of it as I could into the walk-in freezer, because at 35 degrees, the walk in cooler wasn't cool enough to retard the growth of the dough. I worked very small batches of dough at a time while the rest chilled out in the freezer (I hoped). I rolled out the dough in the sheeter, and quickly cut the donuts with the rolling die, and then they were practically

ready to fry. Then, I worked the rest of the dough in the same way. The entire run of donuts was made without having to use the proof box.

At this point in the story, I must tell you what I learned from my experience. I learned about authority the hard way. About the time I was shoulder deep in a rapidly growing mass of dough, I happened to look up over the rim of my sweat and flour covered glasses and saw my short red-haired manager watching me over the swinging saloon doors which separated the front of the bakery from the back. All I could see were her obviously smiling eyes.

When Cindy wanted to make a sarcastic point to us bakers, she would widen her eyes really big like a child and speak to us in a sing-song voice, which served to make us realize just how stupid something we had done had been.

Now it was my turn. Cindy and I locked eyes, and in her girlish voice she sang out: "Daaaavid, *what did weeeee leaaaarn todaaaay?*" Defeated, I gave Cindy the only answer I could: "*That a*